

THE GRIFFIN ADVERTISER

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 1.

THE GRIFFIN ADVERTISER

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Thursday, Oct. 1st, 1908.

Free Trade.

It is interesting to note at the present time, when we are entering upon an electioneering campaign, the effect of protection generally. The Conservatives stand pledged to protect the Manufacturers' Association, if elected, which would result in higher prices of living and higher prices of machinery, etc., for raising the grain in our western country. But there is another reason why we should support a party working for free trade.

Tariffs produce commercial wars, and promote dangerous rivalries; in a world of protected countries, the greed for new markets is at the root of the militarism which threatens to overburden industry, and arrest production. Therefore the free trade nation is the peaceful nation; and freedom of commercial intercourse is the security of peace. At the present time we in Canada are nearly free from the military spirit, want to devote our energies to developing the country and bringing out her resources, rather than burdening ourselves with militarism. Free trade would help us in this policy, more than anything else we could adopt.

The Liberal party is by no means all free traders, yet, generally speaking their policy is that way, and it will be a good thing for us in this western country when the Liberal party can lower the tariffs down to the point of only putting on a duty to raise revenue for carrying on the work of the country.

LOCAL ITEMS.

We understand that the loading platform and the passenger platform will be erected as soon as possible, and that three cars for tickets, section hands, etc., will be here all the winter. The depot will be built in the spring.

R. Mortell was the first to start loading his car here.

Mrs. Mooney has purchased a town lot, and is going to build to live, during the winter, in town.

Have you read Tedford's advertisement yet?

At last we have our train running daily. The first one went through on Monday morning, and a few passengers alighted here.

A. V. Whitehead has been appointed game guardian by the department.

Mr. Prall, of Evaston, Ill., who paid a short visit to town last fall, intends to build on and improve his quarter section south of town early next spring.

The Lake of the Woods Company is erecting an elevator, so the farmers in this district will be able to take their grain there at an early date. They have 12 men at work on the construction of the building.

Support Griffin's young newspaper by sending in one dollar to cover the subscription for the paper to your address for one year.

A meeting of the Club committee will be held in the club-room on Tuesday evening next, to consider the programme for the winter. All members of the committee are urged to attend.

The Rev. S. A. Harry having left for the winter term at Wesley College, Winnipeg, E. E. Spackman has been appointed to carry on the work, taking the services as follows:

Schneider at 10 a.m.; Hume at 2.30 p.m.; Griffin at 7 p.m. A hearty invitation is given to all to attend any of these services.

Those driving in to Methodist services on Sunday nights at seven o'clock, will be pleased to know that G. Scott has kindly offered the use of his livery barn free, providing they attend to their own horses and leave soon after service. This will, no doubt, be much appreciated.

Luther E. Yingst has received the appointment of commissioner of oaths.

A creamery company has been incorporated in Midale, for the purpose of making butter.

The property owners in the town should see that a fire guard is made at once, as there is now great danger from prairie fires and from the trains, as the line is not yet fire-guarded from Hume to Griffin.

Hume News.

Friday, September 25th.

Melvin Allis is the proud father of a young daughter.

The rain this week has put a stop to threshing operations in this vicinity.

Some fine apples at the General Store.

Great interest is being taken in the approach of gravel trains towards Hume.

Everybody wonders about the elevator and coal sheds.

H. J. Wells, agent for the Rogers Lumber Company, arrived in town last Sunday and is now putting up at the store. On Monday, he and John Bauer surveyed the lots of the company in expectation of the early arrival of a carload of lumber to be used in erecting the office and sheds of the company. As soon as the regular train service commences, Mr. Wells expects eight cars of lumber and building material.

On Friday morning the work train and crew arrived at Hume and now there are two gangs, one of Japs, the other of Galicians at work putting in ties, levelling the tracks and gravelling. They expect to finish ballasting as far as Hume by Saturday night.

Eggs and butter wanted at the General Store.

Mrs. Wells and children are expected on the first train from Stoughton.

On Monday morning our blacksmith will commence operations in John Bauer's shop. An addition to the shop will be erected for the accommodation of horses.

Griffin Lumber and Hardware Company

Lumber, Full Lines

Hardware, Heavy and Shelf Goods, builders' Supplies

Genasco Roofing and Building Paper

Flour and Feed. Sharples' Cream Separators

Chatham Farm Scales. Ammunition

Pumps. Paints and Oils.

Harness, Horse Blankets and Sweat Pads.

Griffin Lumber & Hardware Co.

GRIFFIN, SASK.

GEO. SCOTT,

Livery, feed, and Sale Stables

Buggies for Livery.
We make a specialty of Commercial work.

Griffin, Sask.

Griffin Club Room

Tuesday, Oct. 13th

E. E. Spackman
will give his popular lecture,

"Lights and Shadows of a Great City."

TICKETS 25c.

The entire proceeds will be devoted to the fitting up of the club room for the winter.

B. A. TEDFORD,

. General Store. .

On November 15th, we are going to give away absolutely free, a Ladies' Gold Watch; also a lot of other jewelry. You may have some as anyone else. Come in and see how it is to be done.

Sheep-lined Coats, Mitts and Gloves

We have them in all sizes and prices. The following are some of the prices we quote:

Muleskin lined gloves at ..1.25
Horsehide " at ..1.75
Mocha " at ..1.75
Muleskin unlined gloves at .75
Horsehide " at 1.25 & 1.50
" Asbestol mitts at 1.50
Pigskin mitts at ..1.25
Buckskin mitts at ..1.50
Other lines from 50c to 1.25.

Sheep-lined coats 6.50 to 10.00
Frieze reefers, all sizes at ..5.50
Navy blue nap cloth reefers 6.50
Duck coats rubber interlined \$5

Men's Suits

Now is the time to leave your order for a suit of clothes or a fur coat. We handle W. E. Sanford's clothing and can give you suits in all grades and patterns.

Suits in stock from 9.50 to \$18
Overcoats in tweeds and beavers
Odd pants from ..1.25 to 5.50

Black and embroidered men's socks from 15c to 50c per pair.
Grey cotton at ..10c, 3 for 25c.
Grey wool 25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, and 50c.

Groceries

We are well stocked with canned and evaporated fruits of all kinds. Teas and coffees, spices, etc.

Try a quarter's worth of our Gold Standard Jelly Powder in any of the following flavors: Raspberry, Strawberry, Pine-apple, Port Wine, Cherry Lemon, Orange or Grape Fruit.

Four packages for 25c.

Dry Goods

Farmers, why not buy your wives a real good dress when you are selling your wheat. Something that is warm and strong as well as pretty. Have a look at them, anyway.

Tweeds in grey, brown, and green at ..65c
Melton cloth in blue and red 60c
All-wool Cashmeres ..60c
Flannels in blue and grey 35c to 65c.

Heavy Jute grain bags at 2.40 per dozen

Heavy Cotton grain bags at \$29 per 100.

Furniture.

Lack of warehouse room prevents our carrying a heavy stock of furniture, but we will be pleased to order you anything you require, at prices that are hard to beat. Just glance over some of them and see for yourselves.

Common Kitchen chairs at \$10 per dozen.

Dining-room chairs at 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, and \$2 each.

Arm chairs from \$4 up.

Rocking chairs 1.50 to \$10 each

High chairs 1.75 to \$3 each.

Couch, velour covered \$9 up.

Extension and card tables at all prices.

Mattresses \$4, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, and \$10.

Springs 3.50 to 7.50.

Bedsteads from \$4 to \$15

Baby carriages and go-carts in all styles and prices

B. A. TEDFORD,

Post Office Store,

Griffin, Sask.

The CONQUEST OF CANAAN

By BOOTH TARKINGTON,
Author of "Cherry," "Monsieur Beau-
caire," Etc.
Copyright, 1905, by Harper & Brothers

CHAPTER I.

As DRY snow had fallen steadily throughout the still night, so that when a cold, upper wind cleared the sky gloriously in the morning the incongruous Indiana town shone in a white harmony—roof, ledge and earth as evenly covered as by moonlight. There was no thaw. Only where the line of factories followed the big bend of the frozen river, their distant chimneys like exclamation points on a blank page, was there a first threat against the supreme whiteness. The wind passed quickly and on high, the shouting of the school children had ceased at 9 o'clock with pitiful suddenness, no sleigh bells laughed out on the air, and the muffling of the thoroughfares wrought an unaccustomed peace like that of Sunday. This was the phenomenon which afforded the opening of the morning debate of the sages in the wide windows of the National House.

Only such unfortunates as have so far failed to visit Canaan do not know that the National House is on the Main street side of the Courthouse square and has the advantage of being within two minutes' walk of the railroad station, which is in plain sight of the windows, an inestimable benefit to the conversation of the aged men who occupied these windows on this white morning even as they were wont in summer to hold against all comers the cane seated chairs on the pavement outside.

Mail time had come to mean that bright hour when they all got their feet on the brass rod which protected the sills of the two big windows, with the steam radiators sizzling like kettles against the side wall. Mr. Jonas Tabor, who had sold his hardware business magnificently (not magnificently for his nephew, the purchaser) some ten years before, was usually, in spite of the fact that he remained a bachelor at seventy-nine, the last to settle down with the others, though often the first to reach the hotel, which he always entered by a side door, because he did not believe in the treating system. And it was Mr. Eskew Arp, only seventy-five, but already a thoroughly capable cynic, who almost invariably "opened the argument," and it was he who discovered the sinister intention behind the weather of this particular morning.

The malevolence of his voice and manner when he shook his finger at the town beyond the windows and exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "Look at it!" was no surprise to his companions. "Jest look at it! I tell you the devil is mighty smart! Ha, ha! Mighty smart!"

Through custom it was the duty of Squire Buckalew (justice of the peace in 1859) to be the first to take up Mr. Arp. The others looked to him for it. Therefore he asked sharply:

"What's the devil got to do with snow?"

"Everything to do with it, sir," Mr. Arp retorted. "It's plain as day to anybody with eyes and sense."

"Then I wish you'd p'int it out," said Buckalew, "if you've got either."

"By the Almighty, squire!" Mr. Arp turned in his chair with sudden heat—"if I'd lived as long as you!"

"You have," interrupted the other, stung. "Twelve years ago."

"If I'd lived as long as you," Mr. Arp repeated unwincingly in a louder voice, "and had follered Satan's trail as long as you have and yet couldn't recognize it when I see it I'd git converted and vote Prohibitionist."

"I don't see it," interjected Uncle Joe Davey in his querulous voice. (He was the patriarch of them all.) "I can't find no cloven hoof prints in the snow."

"All over it, sir!" cried the cynic. "All over it! Old Satan loves tricks like this. Here's a town that's jest one squirmin' mass of lies and envy and vice and wickedness and corruption!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Colonel Plitcroft. "That's a slander upon our hearths and our government. Why, when I was in the council!"

"It wasn't a bit worse then," Mr. Arp returned unreasonably. "Jest you look how the devil fools us. He drops down this here virgin mantle on Canaan and makes it look as good as you pretend you think it is—as good as the Sunday school room of a country church, though that"—he went off on a tangent venomously—"is generally only another whitened sepulcher, and the superintendent's mighty apt to have a bottle of whisky hid behind the organ and"

"Look here, Eskew," said Jonas Tabor, "that's got nothin' to do with"—

"Why ain't it? Answer me!" cried Mr. Arp, continuing without pause: "Why ain't it? Can't you wait till I git through? You listen to me, and

when I'm ready I'll listen to"—

"See here," began the colonel, making himself heard over three others, "I want to ask you"—

"No, sir!" Mr. Arp pounded the floor frantically with his hickory stick. "Don't you ask me anything. How can you tell that I'm not going to answer your question without your asking it till I've got through? You listen first. I say, here's a town of nearly 30,000 inhabitants, every last one of 'em—men, women and children—selfish and cowardly and sinful if you could see their innermost natures; a town of the ugliest and worst built houses in the world and governed by a lot of saloon keepers, though I hope it'll never git down to where the ministers can run it. And the devil comes along and in one night—why, all you got to do is look at it! You'd think we needn't ever trouble to make it better. That's what the devil wants us to do—wants us to rest easy about it and paints it up to look like a heaven of peace and purity and sanctified spirits. Snowfall like this would of made Lot turn the angel out of doors and say that the old home was good enough for him. Gomorrah would of looked like a Puritan village, though I'll bet my last dollar that there was a lot, and a whole lot, that's never been told about Puritan villages. A lot that!"

"What never was?" interrupted Mr. Peter Bradbury, whose granddaughter had lately announced her discovery that the Bradburys were descended from Miles Standish. "What wasn't told about Puritan villages?"

"Can't you wait?" Mr. Arp's accents were those of pain. "Haven't I got any right to present my side of the case? Ain't we restrained enough to allow of free speech here? How can we ever git anywhere in an argument like this unless we let one man talk at a time? How?"

"Go on with your statement," said Uncle Joe Davey impatiently.

Mr. Arp's grievance was increased. "Now, listen to you! How many more interruptions are comin'? I'll listen to the other side, but I've got to state mine first, haven't I? If I don't make my point clear, what's the use of the argument? Argumentation is only the comparison of two sides of a question, and you have to see what the first side is before you can compare it with the other one, don't you? Are you all agreed to that?"

"Yes, yes," said the colonel. "Go ahead. We won't interrupt until you're through."

The "argument" grew heated. Half a dozen tidy quarrels arose. All the sages went at it fiercely except Roger Tabor, who stole quietly away. The aged men were enjoying themselves thoroughly, especially those who quarreled. Naturally the frail bark of the topic which had been launched was whirled about by too many side currents to remain long in sight and soon became derelict, while the intellectual dolphins dove and tumbled in the depths. At the end of twenty minutes Mr. Arp emerged upon the surface, and in his mouth was this:

"Tell me, why ain't the church—why ain't the church and the rest of the believers in a future life lookin' for immortality at the other end of life too? If we're immortal we always have been. Then why don't they ever speculate on what we were before we were born? It's because they're too blame selfish; don't care a flapdoodle about what was. All they want is to go on livin' forever."

Mr. Arp's voice had risen to an acrid triumphancy, when it suddenly faltered, relapsed to a murmur and then to a stricken silence as a tall, fat man of overpowering aspect threw open the outer door near by and crossed the lobby to the clerk's desk. An awe fell upon the sages with this advent. They were hushed and after a movement in their chairs, with a strange effect of huddling, sat disconcerted and attentive, like schoolboys at the entrance of the master.

The personage had a big, fat, pink face and a heavily undershot jaw, what whitish beard he wore following his double chin somewhat after the manner displayed in the portraits of Henry VIII. His eyes, very bright under puffed upper lids, were intolerant and insultingly penetrating despite their small size. Their irritability held a kind of hotness, and yet the personage exuded frost, not of the weather, all about him. You could not imagine man or angel daring to greet this being genially—sooner throw a kiss to Mount Pilatus!

"Mr. Brown," he said, with ponderous hostility, in a bull bass to the clerk—the kind of voice which would have made an express train leave the track and go round the other way—"do you hear me?"

"Oh, yes, judge!" the clerk replied swiftly in tones as unlike those which he used for strange transients as a collector's voice in his ladylove's ear is unlike that which he propels at delinquents.

"Do you see that snow?" asked the personage threateningly.

"Yes, judge," Mr. Brown essayed a placating smile. "Yes, indeed, Judge Pike."

"Has your employer, the manager of this hotel, seen that snow?" pursued the personage, with a gesture of unspeakable solemn menace.

"Yes, sir. I think so. Yes, sir."

"Do you think he fully understands that I am the proprietor of this building?"

"Certain, judge, cer!"

"You will inform him that I do not intend to be discommoded by his negligence as I pass to my offices. Tell him from me that unless he keeps the sidewalks in front of this hotel clear of snow I will cancel his lease. Their present condition is outrageous. Do you understand me? Outrageous! Do you hear?"

"Yes, judge, I do so," answered the clerk, hoarse with respect. "I'll see to it this minute, Judge Pike."

"You had better." The personage turned himself about and began a grim progress toward the door by which he had entered, his eyes fixing themselves angrily upon the conclave at the windows.

He nodded to the only man of substance among them, Jonas Tabor, and shut the door behind him with majestic insult. He was Canaan's millionaire.

Naturally Jonas Tabor was the first to speak. "Judge Pike's lookin' mighty well," he said admiringly.

"Yes, he is," ventured Squire Buckalew, with deference; "mighty well."

"There's a party at the judge's tonight," said Mr. Bradbury—"kind of a ball Mamie Pike's givin' for the young folks. Quite a doin', I hear."

"That's another thing that's ruinin' Canaan," Mr. Arp declared morosely—"these entertainments they have nowadays. Spend all the money out of town—band from Indianapolis, chicken salad and dinky waiters from Chicago!"

A decrepit hack or two, a couple of old fashioned surreys and a few "cut-unders" drove by from the 10:45 train, bearing the newly arrived and their valises, the hotel omnibus depositing several commercial travelers at the door. A solitary figure came from the station on foot, and when it appeared within fair range of the window, Uncle Joe Davey, who had but hovered on the flanks of the combat, first removed his spectacles and wiped them, as though distrusting the vision they offered him, then, replacing them, scanned anew the approaching figure and uttered a smothered cry.

"My Lord A-mighty," he gasped, "what's this? Look there!"

They looked. A truce came involuntarily, and they sat in paralytic silence as the figure made its stately and sensational progress along Main street. (To be Continued.)

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand!" he commanded the tearful young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father. "Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

Some Famous Faces.

Napoleon, with a face as if it had been modeled from a Greek cameo, was never, in Talleyrand's judgment at all events, quite a gentleman. He gesticulated too much and was altogether too violent for the correct taste of the great noble trained under the old regime. Perfection of body is not necessary, either, for many misshapen men have been dignified even when they were not, like the Duc de Vendôme, princes of the lilies in days when that distinction meant so much.

Little men and wizened men have both inspired awe, for great soldiers trembled at Louis XIV. frowned, and no man received without weakened knees a rebuke from William III. The protruding underlip of the Hapsburgs has never detracted from their majesty, and Victor Emmanuel, who, for all his good manners, always suggested to the onlooker a bull face to face with the matadore, was for all that every inch a king.—London Spectator.

Nautical Information.

"By the way, captain," said the sweet young thing on the second day out, with a smiling attempt to be chummy, "where does Mother Carey feed her chickens?"

"In the trough of the sea, young woman," replied the captain of the ocean liner, with solemn dignity.

A good head and industrious hand are worth gold in any land.—Dutch Proverb.

PARROT KILLS SHEEP.

New Zealand Kea Has Become Fierce
Flesh Feeder.

The kea is a mountain parrot found only in the South Island of New Zealand, where it lives among the peaks and valleys of the Southern Alps. When it was discovered in 1856 its chief food seemed to be berries and the larvae of insects, but in 1863 the report spread that it was a meat eater and a bird of prey of no mean order.

Usually one or two birds do the killing and the others share the spoil. The testimony is unanimous that the kea does not attack sheep in poor condition, but usually takes the pick of the flock.

The bird settles on the ground near its quarry, hops around a little and then lights on the sheep's rump, where it can get the best foothold. It at once begins to tear out the wool with its powerful beak, and at last gets its beak into the flesh.

The sheep vainly tries to shake its tormentor off, and at last, frantic with pain and fright, it runs blindly about at its highest speed. Down hill it usually rushes, heedless of the rocks and pitfalls, the kea holding on and balancing itself with outstretched wings.

When the beast stumbles the relentless bird rises on its wings and settles down again as the sheep regains its feet. The race continues until the frantic animal, bruised by falls and maddened with pain, stumbles to rise no more, and becomes an easy prey to the kea.

In most of the kea-infested country the annual damage to the flocks is under 5 per cent., though at a few stations the loss has been as much as 10 per cent. Some of their victims are almost untouched at the time, but the birds return later and feed on the bodies till they are consumed.

But the kea does not confine itself to sheep, for instances are recorded of its attacks on horses, dogs and rabbits. One day two keas settled on the back of a pack horse, tethered at pasture, and began operations.

The horse leaped and kicked and finally dislodged the birds. All this took only two or three minutes, but by the time help reached the horse it was in a heavy sweat and blood was trickling down its loins.

Thousands of these parrots are now being killed, and they are probably doomed to the extinction which the sheep herders would welcome. It will be a long time, however, before they are wholly obliterated, for they live in a very rough country, and their nests are almost inaccessible.

Aids to Navigation.

By the use of a system of electric lights beneath the water recently patented by an American inventor the navigation of dangerous harbors and waterways may be even safer at night than in the daytime. During the day pilots and charts are necessary. At night, if the system proves all that is claimed for it, pilots, charts and lighthouses can be relegated to the rear and vessels steered in and out over a ribbon way of illuminated water.

The system consists of a waterproof submarine cable with numerous floating branches connected at suitable intervals, to which are attached incandescent electric lamps fitted with reflectors to concentrate the light into parallel beams. The whole system is designed to withstand the pressure and corrosive action of sea water, and the lamp reflectors are made sufficiently buoyant to maintain an upright position. The cable has equipped is laid in position in the waterways to be lighted up and connected with a source of electric supply on shore.

The channel can in this way be marked out by brilliantly lighted spots on the surface. The system offers equally as good guidance in the densest fog as in perfectly clear weather.

Temperance in England.

A century ago drunkenness was a prevalent vice among all classes in England. So little was thought of it that William Pitt could appear in the House of Commons in a state of beastly intoxication while Prime Minister without provoking any unfavorable remark. To-day our upper and middle classes are as sober as any people in the world. How has this change been brought about? Certainly not by acts of Parliament or compulsory restrictions of any kind upon the consumption of liquor. I suppose it is due to the progress of education and refinement, a better understanding of the poisoning effects of alcohol and the formation of a more wholesome public opinion in consequence. As a matter of fact, the same influences have been working with good and increasing effect in the lower strata of society for twenty years or more past.—London Truth.

Showing a Bad Example.

A grocer who was noted for his carefulness had an advertisement inserted in a local newspaper for a message boy, and a young fellow who understood the kind of a gentleman who was advertising came to apply for the situation, and while the grocer was telling him how careful he must be a fly settled on a bag of sugar and the grocer caught it and threw it away. The boy then said: "If you want me to be careful you are showing me a bad example."

"Why?" replied the former. "Because," said the boy, "you have thrown that fly away without brushing the sugar off its feet."—Tit-Bits.

A DRAGON HUNT.

It Took Place in Turkey and Was a Great Success.

"Yes, I wunst hunted dragons, and the hunt was successful, too," said a sailor.

"It was in Eyoub, the native quarter of old Constantinople. I lived there with my wife, a Circassian gal, Fatmah by name, and, comin' home from the calf one night"—

"Calf?"

"Sure! Calf. Don't you know what a calf is? Kind of restaurant where you eat and drink and smoke. But where was I?"

"You were coming home."

"Well, as we come home from the calf Fatmah grabbed my arm, pointed to the moon and gave a loud yell. The full moon behind the domes and minarets was goin' into an eclipse. I laughed, but Fatmah says:

"A dragon, O my beloved," she says, 'is tryin' to devour the moon!' she says. 'If the faithful slay it not, there will be no more moonlight,' says she—'never!'

"Then, by tar, begun the biggest racket I ever hear. All Eyoub was on a dragon hunt. From every housetop the faithful fired blunderbusses at the moon in the hope of killin' the dragon.

"When we got home I tried to explain to Fatmah what an eclipse was, but she thought I was laughin' at her. So I gave up my explanations, and, with a pistol, each of us joined in the hunt, bangin' away at the dragon from the winder turn and turn about.

"By crissus, we got him! The hunt was a success! The dead dragon dropped off the moon, and she floated, round and silvery wunst more, above the palms and minarets standin' black agin the pale sky.

"Fatmah claimed it was her shot what landed him, but I was always convinced it was my own."

THE TREATY TREE.

Where Penn and the Delaware Chiefs Exchanged Tokens.

The "treaty tree," the original American Hague, where our first peace congress was held, with William Penn on the one side and the Delaware chiefs on the other, was a mighty elm that stood at Shackamaxon, on the banks of the Delaware river, Kensington, one of the suburbs of Philadelphia, now surrounds the spot.

As was customary on such occasions, the parties to the treaty exchanged belts of wampum, and the belt said to have been given Penn on this occasion is now in the collection of the Pennsylvania Historical society. It consists of eighteen strings of black and white beads, and in the center are two figures, representing a European and an Indian, with hands joined in friendship. In exchanging tokens with the chiefs Penn said:

"The friendship between you and me I will not compare to a chain, for that might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. We are all one flesh and blood." When the Indians handed Penn the wampum belt of peace they said:

"We will live in love and peace with William Penn as long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

The treaty tree was blown down in a windstorm March 10, 1810. Its age, estimated by rings, is 283 years. The William Penn society erected a marble column upon the site as a permanent monument.

The Overtired Conductor.

When the horse cars were in existence there was a greenhorn known as John who conducted on the Thirtieth and Fifteenth street lines. He boarded with his two aunts, who lived on Catharine street, between Thirtieth and Broad. One day his aunts thought they would take a ride with John and see how he was getting along, so they waited for his car. Soon the car began to get crowded and passengers got off and on at every square. John began to get angry. At last he became so exasperated at having to stop so often that when an old lady asked him to stop at Chestnut he bawled out: "I'm darned sick and tired pulling the bell. It's nothing but stop here and stop there, stop here and stop there. Away with youse all down to Catharine street with me aunts, and you get out in a bunch."

Two of a Kind.

"Come, come," cried the brusque and hustling real estate man, "why do you pay rent when you might own a home?"

"I—I don't pay rent," replied the startled stranger.

"Then you own a home?"

"N-no."

"That's strange. May I ask your business?"

"I'm a real estate dealer."

Two of a Kind.

"Oh, George," sighed the lovesick maiden, "I'm sure I'm not worthy to be your wife."

"Well," replied George wearily, "I'm not worthy to be your husband, so we're just about evenly matched."

THE BULLDOG

Who is A REAL ACTOR



IN THESE days when animals are trained to do so many original feats, it is hard to find anything really surprising in new tricks. The bulldog whose photographs we print, however, is somewhat of a marvel. An actor of merit he is, without a doubt.

With remarkable quickness the dog will change from one costume to another, and with it he will alter the whole expression of his face. For instance, as a Chinese magistrate, sitting in state at his official desk, the dog is as solemn and wise-looking as his honor the judge could possibly be; when he



dons the old maid's costume you see how prim he becomes; as a German student he is careless and jolly, while the

chauffeur he represents is sufficiently wild and fierce to run the speediest motor.

Already the bulldog, who is the property of Herr Frank Korn, has achieved great success.

In the World of Curiosities

OUR story today is not of a new curiosity, but a very old one. Hundreds of years ago people studied this plant—for it is, indeed, a plant. So closely does the root of the mandrake plant resemble a human face, as you will observe from the illustration, that folk in the Middle Ages believed it possessed a soul. They also imagined that when pulled from the ground it gave a dying shriek.

Much esteemed was the mandrake plant in ye olden times. The ancient



Germans dressed the root as one would a doll and laid it away in precious caskets, thinking its possession would bring them luck, riches and love. It was also much esteemed for supposed healing properties, and for the power it gave to foretell future events.

The Man With the Marie Avoided the Tax Stony Glare

T IRED of meeting people who bored him with their idle talk and laughter, the great traveler, Brownson, journeyed to a wild country in Hindustan. Here he lived all alone, beguiling the time with reading and hunting.

One day, as he was placidly sitting under a palm tree, perusing a favorite volume, there appeared before him an old native with a long beard, who begged for something to eat.

Brownson at first was annoyed that any one should have found his hiding place; but his hospitality would not permit him to send away hungry the poor Hindoo. So he set the very best of his food before the old man.

When the Hindoo rose to depart, after he had refreshed himself with meat and drink, he bowed gratefully to Brownson, and said:

"I am a great magician; and for your kindness I wish to teach you a wonderful trick of my art. Hereafter, whenever you look fixedly at any object, whether living or not, and utter the magic words, 'Chouffoo, chouffee!' that object will immediately be transformed into stone."

Thereupon the Hindoo departed and Brownson straightway forgot him. Some weeks later, however, a tiger came upon him unawares. Brownson gave himself up for lost, when suddenly he remembered the magic words. Gazing fearfully into the eyes of the ferocious beast as it sprang toward him, he muttered the words. And the tiger, even while in the air, was petrified.

Brownson used his wonderful gift in many ways thereafter. For instance, he changed into stone a little tortoise,



PETRIFIED THE TIGER

in order that he might use it to sharpen his razor.

When a year had passed, Brownson became as tired of solitude as formerly he had been of company. He resolved to return to his native land. During the voyage he astonished the passengers and crew by petrifying a little dog which tried to attack him.

Upon landing, he called for a cabman to drive him to his hotel. But the cabman, who already had a passenger, gave a curt reply and proceeded to drive on. Angry at the fellow's impoliteness, Brownson changed man, horse, cab and all into stone. And further on, he treated in a similar manner a policeman who answered him rudely.

Then Brownson began to use his power in evil ways. His creditors he changed into stone; his landlady he changed into stone; and any one who crossed his temper.

At last he came to grief. One evening, as he was looking at his reflection in a mirror, he absent-mindedly uttered the magic words. Instantly he met the same fate as did his victims. Because of his own indiscretion, he now occupies a place in a museum, where many curious people come to gaze upon him. Probably the only person able to lift the magic spell is the old Hindoo—and he, undoubtedly, is far away in Hindustan.

All for Nothing

Robert was in the habit of expecting reward for every little service. At the end of the week he made out a "bill" to his mother and carefully laid it where her eyes would fall upon it. The items were as follows:

"Mother owes to Robert,
"Five cents for running errands,
"Five cents for being good-natured.
That evening there appeared beside Robert's plate a paper upon which was written:

"Robert owes mother, for the years of happiness, nothing; for nursing him through long illnesses, nothing; for doing good to him, nothing."
Thoroughly ashamed of himself, Robert ran to mother, threw his arms around her and sobbed:

"Mother, I'll do everything I can for you after this, and I'll never ask you to give me anything but just love."

Marie Avoided the Tax

TO DRIVE in the magnificent landau with madame was a thing to be proud of, and madame's maid, Marie, was as proud as proud could be.

When they reached the chateau, which was madame's destination, the great lady bade Marie trudge to the neighboring town and purchase some eggs, while she herself paid her call at the chateau.

Marie clutched the coin tightly in her hand and started out upon her errand. For a wonder, she bought the eggs without mishap. Returning, however, she was stopped by the police, who explained that, inasmuch as she had crossed the border of another province, she must pay duty on the eggs before she could return to the chateau at which her mistress was visiting.

Marie was in a quandary. Madame had given her just so much to spend, and she had no more money with her. But she had also been told not to return without the eggs. What should she do? She retired to the place where she had bought the eggs to think it all over. Half an hour later she again appeared before the police. This time she was permitted to pass, inasmuch as no eggs could be found about her person.

"Well, Marie, have you come back with the eggs?" asked madame, when the maid arrived at the chateau.

"Yes, madame, the police wouldn't let me pass with the eggs, they said; but I fooled them—I ate the eggs, and got by without the least bit of trouble!"

Marie was so pleased with what she had done that madame hadn't the heart to scold her brilliant maid.

TREASURE within an EGG SHELL

MOTHER GRETCHEN shrank back affrightedly, but before the ferocious wolf could leap upon her there came a scurrying of feet from behind and a form passed her, launching itself upon the terrible beast. A flash of steel, and the wolf had fallen—slain by the dagger of brave Julian.

"How can I thank you, my courageous man!" gasped Mother Gretchen.

The rough countryman responded modestly, "It was nothing, mother. I am only glad to have been in your neighborhood."

"Oh, yes, but it was something," protested the old woman, "and I shall see that you do not lack the reward you deserve. Here is an egg, which you must guard as your chiefest treasure. Three years from this very day, break the shell and you shall find compensation. This I swear."

Julian bowed clumsily, muttered his thanks, and continued on his way toward his little farm.

When the peasant told his friends of what had happened they bade him rejoice.

"Mother Gretchen is a very wise old woman," said they. "Some say she is a witch; but howsoever that may be, it is well known that she has never told a lie. Never has she broken her promise. You may well be grateful for the opportunity which enabled you to save the life of such a powerful sorceress."

Long and deeply Julian pondered over these words. Then he came to the conclusion:

"If I am to gain great wealth, or other honors are to fall upon me, I must be preparing for them."

Thereupon Julian, who had heretofore been somewhat of an idle fellow, dili-



"A FLASH OF STEEL"

gently set about improving himself and his condition. By day he plowed his fields and worked elsewhere about the little farm with intense zeal; by night he pored over books and did his utmost to acquire learning.

Soon the people began to observe a great change in Julian. So well had

he applied himself to labor that he had accumulated much wealth. His possessions were now greater than those of any man thereabouts. So well had he applied himself to study that he was the peer of any in knowledge. Thus it came about that honors were heaped upon him. He married the daughter of a nobleman, and with the powerful influence thus gained became Governor of the province.

The three years had passed. Daily the anticipation of Julian had grown, as he looked forward to the time when he could break his precious egg. The day had now arrived. Summoning all his friends, and with all possible ceremony, Julian broke the egg. It was empty!

In bitter disappointment the Governor had old Mother Gretchen brought before him.

"Did you not say," said he, reproachfully, "that my egg should gain for me a treasure?"

"And has it not brought you many treasures?" replied the old woman.

"But for it you would not be rich now or powerful or learned. You would still be living on your little farm, poorer than ever, and perhaps just as ignorant. Do you not owe everything—even your beautiful wife—indeed, your every happiness, to this eggshell?"

Julian smiled understandingly. "Mother, you are right," said he; "and I thank you with all my heart for your gift—a gift more precious than mortal ever before received."

COMMENCEMENT IN THE DOLLVILLE KINDERGARTEN

"IF BOYS and girls have 'commencements,' Dollville must certainly have one," quoth the pretty French doll Anabelle when Teddy Bear told her what Little Boy had said to Little Girl about their big sister's "commencement."

"Besides, it will give us an opportunity to make use of the toy department store, which has been idle for so long," reflected Anabelle aloud.

This settled the matter so far as Dollville was concerned. All of Anabelle's plans were executed promptly. Her word was law in the nursery world. Every evening thereafter for one whole week rehearsals were held in the department store. Only the girl dolls were admitted, because Anabelle insisted they were so much brighter than the boy dolls. But as some one suggested that there should be a dance in every schoolroom, the donkey was dressed in doll's clothes and made to sit on the dunce's stool. Real boys and girls might not think it good taste to have a dance at "commencement," but, then, Dollville wanted to be "different."

Little Boy and Girl had left their dolls and playthings in the playroom and were now voyaging to the Land of Dreams. Then it was that Dollville came to life. Anabelle bustled around, summoning all the girl dollies and bidding them prepare for their "commencement."

When everything was in readiness

the men dolls, led by the toy artillery captain, trooped in and took the seats assigned to spectators.

And a wonderful "commencement" it was! Tiny dollies squeaked "Mamma! Papa!" fifty times in succession without a pause, and in the most cunning way imaginable. This brought great applause. But the audience clapped their hands even more loudly when a demure doll with dark hair and

very difficult for the poor donkey had not the clever toy monkey quietly stood the alphabet blocks on end at the other side of the room—all in order and in such position that the donkey could see them. The donkey copied them off in great style. All the girl dollies, who did not see the blocks, were surprised, and the men dolls, who DID see the blocks, thought the joke was such a good one that



ALL THE GIRL DOLLIES WERE SUMMONED

nice brown eyes played the toy piano with exquisite skill.

Then there were dolls who danced. Others walked upon wires strung between posts. One little pink thing showed how well she could ride upon a camel brought from the Noah's ark. Even the dunce was permitted to show that he wasn't nearly as stupid as he was supposed to be. He was asked to write the alphabet upon the blackboard. This would have been

they cheered the donkey again and again.

As the crowning feature of the "commencement" Anabelle announced that the dolls would now show their proficiency in setting tables for luncheon. Thereupon the men dolls whooped with joy. They even wished to assist, but, naturally, Anabelle declared they would only be in the way—besides, it wasn't THEIR "commencement." However, the service was

soon upon the tables, and all were invited to dine. It was a splendid feast, and a glorious ending to such a "commencement." Dollville's food is always imaginary, you know, but all the dolls have such very good imaginations that they enjoy the feasts ever so much.

So pleased were the men dolls with the "commencement" that they suggested it might be well to have such an event each week. And Anabelle, always anxious to excel mortals, cordially agreed to the plan.

Marvelous Surgery.

"Jack," said Phil, "do you know of the many wonderful things they do in hospitals?"

"I should say I do," returned Jack. "My uncle's a doctor, and I know for a fact that they'll take your eyes out and lay them on the table in front of you and let you look at them; then they'll put them back."

Rough on Father.

Different members of the family were discussing the number of their acquaintances.

Mildred listened for a while in silence, then she ventured the information:

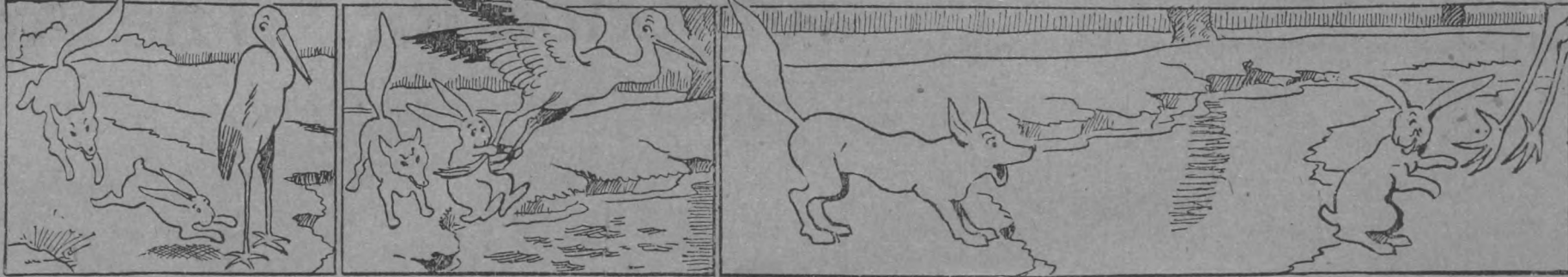
"I know two men; one is a gentleman and the other is papa."

A Reason for It.

Mother—Doctor, one of Willie's eyes is so much stronger than the other. How do you explain it?"

Physician—Knot hole in the baseball fence, most likely."

Daddy Stork is Kind to Peter Rabbit



By Way of Introduction.

A few words may be necessary in introducing "The Griffin Advertiser" to the subscribers. It is published more especially for the three towns along the new line between Stoughton and Weyburn.

We intend to do all in our power to promote the interests of the tradespeople in these towns, and of the farmers in the surrounding districts. On the strength of that, we ask you to support us by your advertising and subscriptions. Our columns are always open for discussing items of general interest. As soon as a sufficient quantity of news is available, we shall enlarge the paper. Local news from outlying districts will be received.

Schnider Notes.

In connection with the Methodist church of the district, the harvest thanksgiving services were held on Sunday afternoon last, in the school house, and were very successful. The school had been very tastefully decorated by the young people of the church, with fruit, vegetables, flowers, and the various grains. The meeting was favored by the superintendent of the circuit's presence, who conducted the service. Mr. Haw, having expressed his pleasure at being present on this occasion, and congratulated those who were responsible for the excellent decorations, proceeded to address the congregation on the various lessons to be gathered from the wheat sheaf. Although the address was directed primarily to the children and young people, it proved of unflinching interest to one and all. At the close of the address, Mr. Haw received four persons who had been on probation, into full membership. In doing so, the superintendent, on his own and Mr. Harry's behalf and the church they represented, extended to them a very cordial welcome into the church.

As this was the last Sunday in which Rev. Harry would be with the people, he spoke briefly and said he was glad of the opportunity to say a few words of farewell. He desired to thank all the friends for the very great kindness they had shown him since he had been with them. He also expressed gratitude for the faithful and loyal way in which all the friends had

rallied around him, and the willingness they had shown to co-operate with him in any branch of the work. He asked that they would do likewise for the brother who was to be his successor.

At the close of the ordinary service, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. Mr. Haw, of Weyburn.

Farewell Social.

On Monday evening, 28th inst, a large number of the friends of the church gathered together at the home of Mrs. Smith, to say farewell to Rev. Harry, and to wish him God-speed. As the matter had been kept a profound secret, the gathering had something of the nature of a surprise party. However, a very pleasant evening was spent together, everyone present enjoying themselves immensely. Various games were indulged in, after which all partook of refreshments provided by the hostess. The gathering closed with the singing of the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again. Many good wishes and expressions of goodwill were extended to Mr. Harry, for which he said he felt greatly cheered and encouraged.

Lost, a rain coat, between Mr. Foot's and Mr. Swanson's. Finder rewarded by returning same to Mr. Foot.

Hearty congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Grigg, on the birth of a son and heir.

GRIFFIN, SASK.
Town Lots for Sale in Griffin

There is an opening for a Baker,
Butcher, Machine Agency, Barber
Carpenter and Builder.

Several improved farms for sale.

For all particulars apply Manager, Advertiser
Office, Griffin.

Items of News

Rev. Jull has left Froud for Queen's University, Kingston.

A good many Weyburn people are using the new line, going to Winnipeg as well as to local points.

Monday, November the 9th, has been proclaimed Thanksgiving day.

It is expected that a settlement of the C.P.R. strike will be made in Calgary.

Owing to the smoke from forest fires, and from fogs, the English mails were delayed in the St. Lawrence last week.

L. C. Porteous, of Carlyle, has been appointed returning officer

Hume
Lots

If you wish to purchase
lots for business, residence,
or speculation, in the growing
town of Hume, consult

John Bauer
Hume.

for the district of Assiniboia, at the coming federal elections.

A party of surveyors is engaged north-west of Griffin in locating a new line which may strike that town on its way to the Soo line.

Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, is to address a meeting in Weyburn on Saturday 10th.

The steamer, Neshota, ran ashore near Crisp Point, Lake Superior on Monday, and is now a complete wreck. Crew was saved.

MUSIC

An Experienced Teacher, piano, organ, violin; Toronto Conservatory Method taught. Pupils prepared for examinations. Mrs. W. J. SMITH, Box 407, Weyburn. Terms: \$8 and \$10 per 20 lessons; \$8 when 2 lessons are given per week.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of 160 acres, more or less.

Applications for entry must be made in person by the applicant at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES.

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Business Cards.

W. M. KELLOCK, B.A.
ADVOCATE, BARRISTER, NOTARY PUBLIC, &c
WEYBURN, SASK.

DRS. EAGLESHAM & SHAW,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,
ELWIN'S DRUG STORE, WEYBURN, SASK

Telephones: Office 70; Residence 73.

DR. A. J. CLARK

Dentist

Hunt Building, corner of Souris ave. and Third st., Weyburn, Sask.

Appointments made by Telephone Special appointments made for evenings

NEW
WAVERLEY HOTEL
WEYBURN, SASK.

F. L. WILSON, - - - PROP.

Rates, \$1.50 to \$2.00 Per Day.

Bar Stocked with the Finest Wines,
Liquors and Cigars.

The most modern and homelike hostelry on the Soo Line

Recently enlarged, renovated and re-furnished throughout.

Every attention given to the traveling public and farming community.

YOUR LAUNDRY WORK ?

Washing and ironing done on the shortest notice. City prices; we repair articles free of charge. Mrs. W. Twist, Box 31, Weyburn.

Enquire at The Model Printing Office for prices, etc.

Wanted! A Boarding House at Hume.

Use Printed Stationery!

It costs little more than the plain—gives caste to your business or profession. We make it a practice to give our customers the very best value for their money in quality of paper and style of work. If you are in doubt call round and see samples of work done for others.

Your printing is what we are asking for, and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind that will compare with any other you can produce.

The busy season will soon be here, and now is the time to look over your Stationery Stock and order what is required, so that you will not run short.

In Job Work

We print everything in the line of : —

Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitations, Threshers' Liens, Lien Notes, Posters, Pamphlets, Hangers, Handbills, Dodgers, Receipt Forms, Business Forms, Circulars, Tickets, Horse Route Bills

Let us figure on your next requirements

THE GRIFFIN ADVERTISER OFFICE
GRIFFIN, SASK.

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